

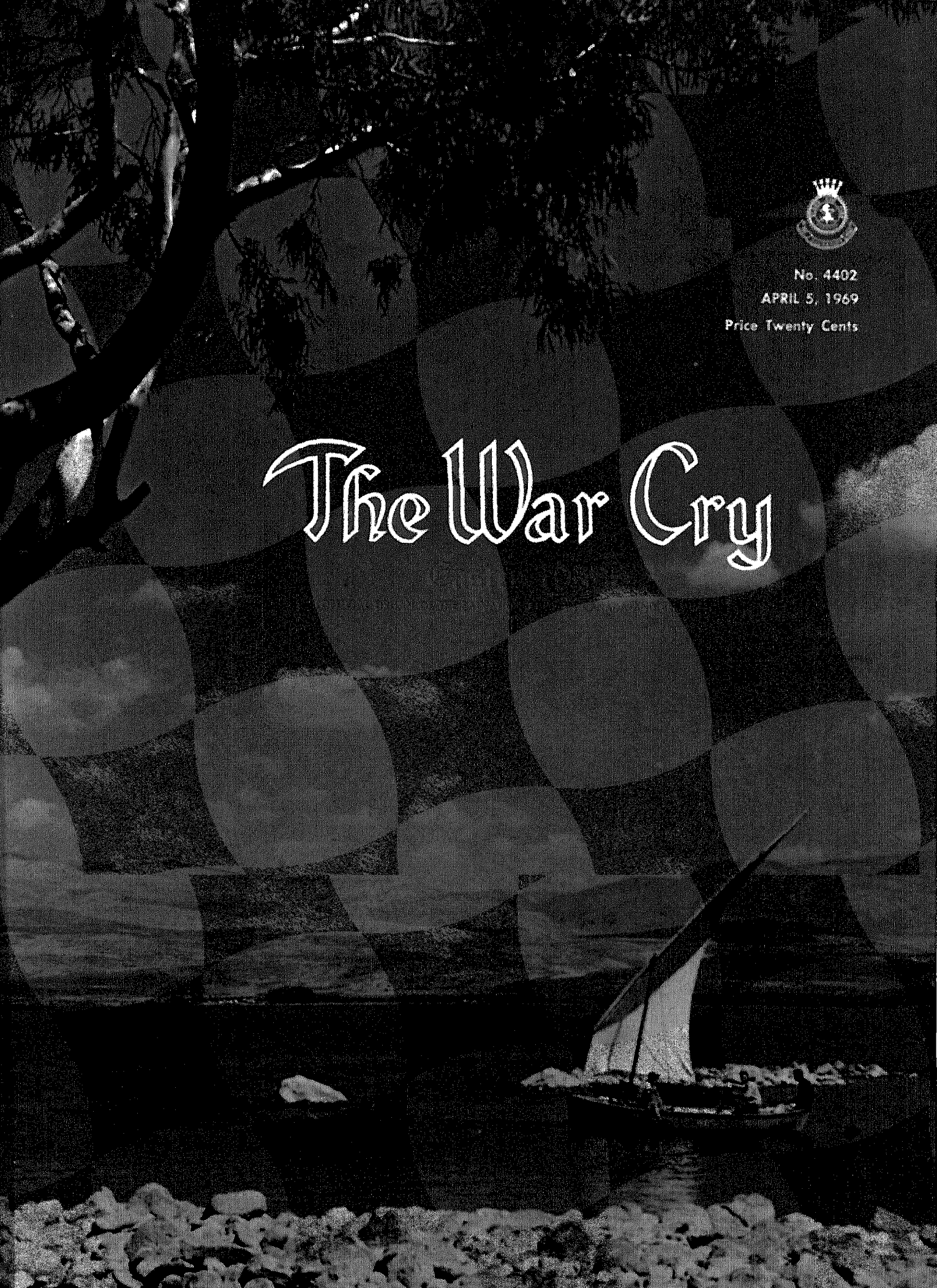


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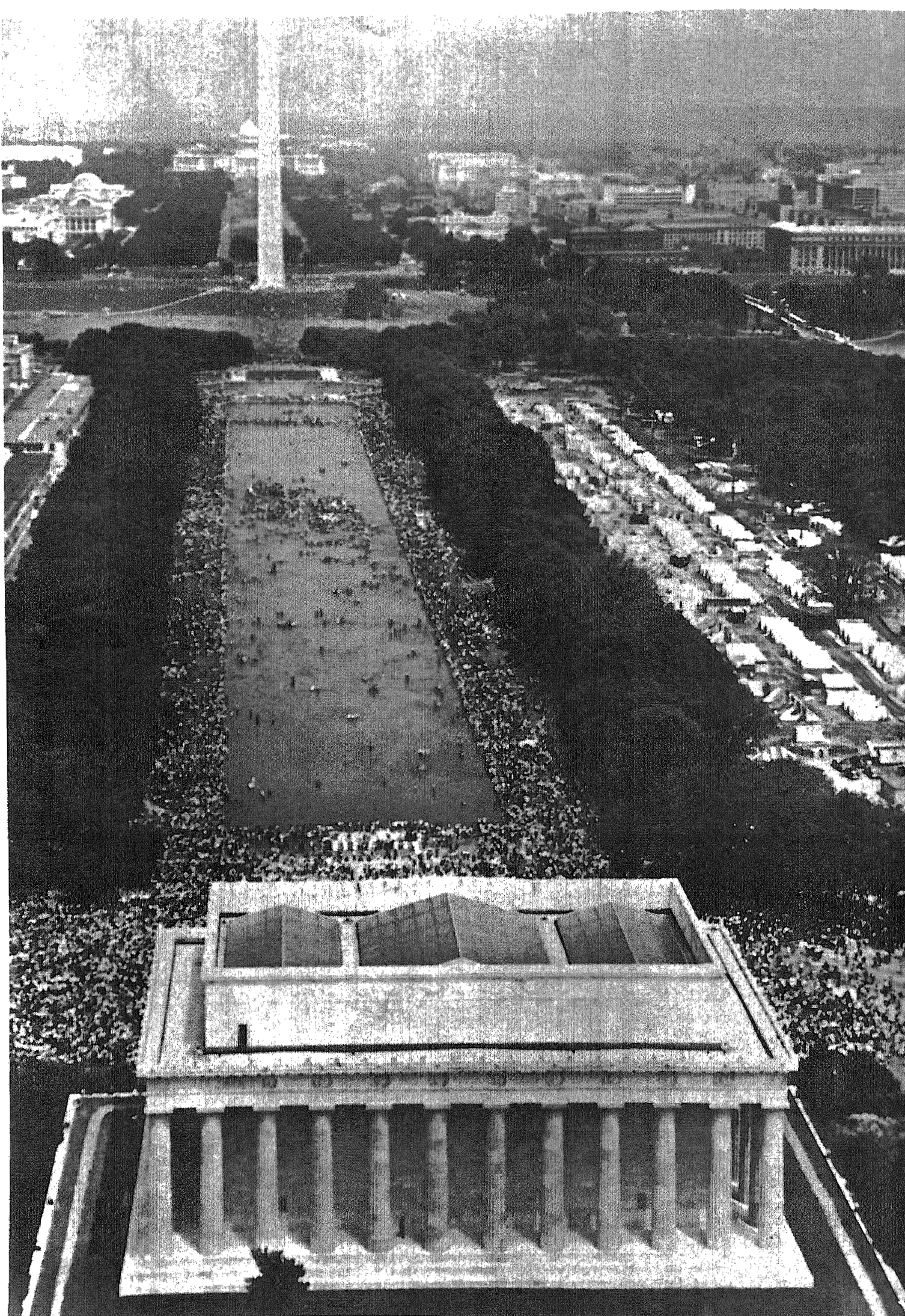
APRIL 5, 1969

Price Twenty Cents

# The War Cry







# Resurrection City

## Resurrection City —

Where are you now dear dream?  
 Couldn't you see  
 In that glorious minute  
 When you heard someone say  
 That love would win it  
 That some aren't allowed to dream?  
 Some aren't allowed to dream.

## Resurrection City —

You tried to grow on love.  
 Couldn't you see  
 When you reached for the sky  
 That liberty  
 Is just a lie  
 When some aren't allowed to love?  
 Some aren't allowed to love.

## Resurrection City —

You were a temple of ideals.  
 Mankind is perfect  
 Only when  
 You work outside  
 The realm of men.  
 And some aren't allowed ideals.  
 Some aren't allowed ideals.

## Resurrection City —

If God was in your dream,  
 If love became  
 Your high ideal,  
 That only goes  
 To make me feel  
 That we'll not forget your dream.  
 We'll not forget your dream.

Bill Davidson

In the summer of 1968 thousands of people representing minority groups and impoverished Americans converged on Washington and settled in Resurrection City, a shantytown of shacks and tents in West Potomac Park, in the shadow of the Capitol.

The saga of the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, and the Poor People's Campaign in the U.S.A. was vividly chronicled in a documentary produced for the CBC, to whom acknowledgement is given for the picture on the opposite page.

# the war cry

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## In Christ

**E**ASTER visits to the Holy Land,  
 cross-carrying processions in our  
 cities and Passion plays can help us  
 to remember the death and resur-  
 rection of Jesus Christ; but Chris-  
 tians do not merely rehearse an  
 event in history.

For St. Paul, who first formulated  
 a theology of Christ's resurrection  
 power, this was a present reality.  
 Thousands of Christians have  
 learned to know the experience for  
 themselves. As an anonymous  
 nineteenth century poet put it, "In  
 my soul an Easter morning; I am  
 Christ's and Christ is mine."

This may have been easier for  
 those to whom Paul originally  
 wrote, familiar as they were with  
 the Jewish Passover celebrations,

when history was re-enacted and  
 God's merciful providence to that  
 nation at the Exodus was re-  
 hearsed.

Perhaps the nearest that non-  
 Jewish Canadians can get to such  
 meaningful symbolism is by the  
 Thanksgiving Day celebrations  
 which we share with our southern  
 neighbours. We then rehearse  
 God's care and provision given to  
 the early settlers after a perilous  
 crossing, a sometimes hostile recep-  
 tion and the difficult adjustment to  
 new surroundings and climatic con-  
 ditions.

We now live in a comparatively  
 affluent and self-sufficient environ-  
 ment. While some immigrants can  
 look back to a time of poverty and  
 oppression, most of us are far re-  
 moved from the outward experi-  
 ences known to Paul and those to  
 whom he sent his Epistles. Further-  
 more, the sophisticated world of a  
 technological age, with its inherent  
 opposition to anything savouring of  
 the supernatural, does not encour-  
 age the mystical awareness they  
 shared.

But "living in Christ" is not an  
 experience to be enjoyed only by  
 those devoted to a life of contem-  
 plation. There are many disciples  
 of Christ today who only rarely  
 know moments of high exaltation,  
 yet in daily seeking to live as Jesus  
 did, or as He would live in our  
 world today, they find that His  
 power and His presence can be in-  
 tegrating factors in all that they do  
 and say. It comes not through feel-  
 ing but by being alive in Him—or,  
 to put it in theological language,  
 by the grace of God through faith  
 in the Lord Jesus Christ.

## A Song of Easter

**T**HE hymn, "Come, Saviour Jesus,  
 from above" (S.B. 433), was  
 written on Easter Eve, 1640, and  
 has a fascinating background.

The writer of the hymn was a  
 lady named Antoinette Bourignon,  
 who was born at Lisle in 1617 and  
 died at Franckner in Friesland in  
 1680.

Antoinette was the daughter of a  
 wealthy man and was betrothed to  
 a nobleman, to whom she was truly  
 attached. But, through a Huguenot  
 preacher, she was brought to faith  
 in Jesus as her Saviour and felt that  
 it would not be right for her to

marry a worldly man. Her family  
 insisted that she should become the  
 nobleman's wife, but she was deter-  
 mined to follow the leadings of  
 Christ.

The marriage was to have taken  
 place on Easter Sunday, 1640, but  
 the night before, Antoinette gathered  
 her jewels together, cut off her  
 beautiful hair and laid it beside  
 them, and then wrote the verses  
 which she put with her jewels.

After she had slept a little she  
 left her room about four in the  
 morning of Easter Sunday, taking

(Continued on page 9)

# *The Centurion*

by

Arthur Pitcher



The might, the power and majesty  
Of Rome's imperial sovereignty,  
The shadow of a mighty sword,  
Whose hilt by Tiber, and whose point  
Swift moves to keep a conquered world  
In bonds of constant fealty . . .  
I, of free Rome a loyal son,  
Stand here and breathe the fetid air—  
The stench that rises from a land  
'Gainst which my empire blunts her sword  
And sees this bleeding head slow rise  
With ill-born victory in her eyes,  
And firm clasped in her hand  
Those God-cut tables, Sinai-given,  
Long buried 'neath the desert sand  
Yet established, settled and confirmed  
In every heart that whispers o'er  
The Paschal Lamb and unleavened bread—  
That nation's tribute to its dead,  
But ever-living destiny.

I loathed this land—this alien tongue,  
These zealot fools who never knew  
When fate had played them off her hands.  
They crawl along the desert sands;

They haunt Moriah's scrubland wastes;  
Their imaginations bring to birth  
A realm—the salt of all the earth,  
Where Son of David, purple-clad  
As heaven-ordained Sovereign stands.  
There where their ancient Sire was given  
That promise, testified of heaven,  
Their gold-crowned Temple marks today  
That altar where their Levites pray,  
And wait Messiah's conquering sway,  
And Rome's colossal judgment day.

And yet, where burns that ancient fire  
I, Roman though I am, have found  
A subtle, misconceived intent,  
Which mocks the priests' time-worn request  
MESSIAH—Yea, they will have Messiah  
If born within the House of Annas  
And schooled in Pharisaical wiles . . .

But how should I, a free-born Roman  
Be moved or stirred by fault or fashion  
Of this wild brood, of this alien nation?  
And yet, this dawn that Nazarene,  
Whom Priests today have branded traitor,

Dragging Him with venom'd zeal  
From Herod's court to Pilate's pavement,

And rolling their vindictive insults  
Round that head that somewhere learnt  
    kingly carriage,  
And wears a dignity like to a god's;  
That Nazerene, whose nails I carried,  
Whose cross my soldiers e'en now lifted  
High on yonder skull-shaped mound—  
HE LOOKED AT ME — and deep within me  
I knew that Rome, nor Priests could hold  
    Him.

I knew that I, not He was bound;  
And, as I spat determined orders  
And hurried the staggering One along,  
Cursing the fate that made me a hangman,  
Hating every face in that blood-mad throng,  
I felt that mine was the cross He carried,  
Those nails, that thorn-wreath on His brow;  
That I a son of the Roman Legion  
Should there at His feet in homage bow.

And never I cursed as I cursed this morning,  
I ripped the cloak from His shivering back;  
And I swore all the oaths of the temple of  
    Bacchus,  
And I lashed Him, and pushed Him,  
    reviled Him, and kicked Him,  
Till weakened He swooned 'neath my  
    tempered attack.

And then 'twas done—the Cross on Calvary  
My soldiers playing dice for His seamless  
    robe . . .

Then skies grew dark, twice dark, and  
    darker,  
Thunder split the heavens asunder,  
Skull-hill rocked like a storm-tossed galley  
And lightning tore the skies with terror  
Like shimmering gleam from the bosom of  
    hell . . .

That mad and motley mob ran shrieking  
For the shelter of Jerusalem,  
And thought too late, of Jehovah's  
    judgment,  
Or watched with trembling fear, expectant,  
To see Him from the cross step down.

Was I afraid? I am a Roman soldier,  
And have stood where Caesar's legions  
Paid with blood for Roman might . . .  
No, I never feared a thunder-storm,  
A battering ram, a fiery rain,  
Or a lightning-shattered night . . .

But, as I cursed in the shadow of the Cross  
And watched the dying Victim in His agony  
    and pain,  
I saw the parched lips start to frame  
A heaven-directed word.

"Father", and I never hope to hear it thus  
    again —

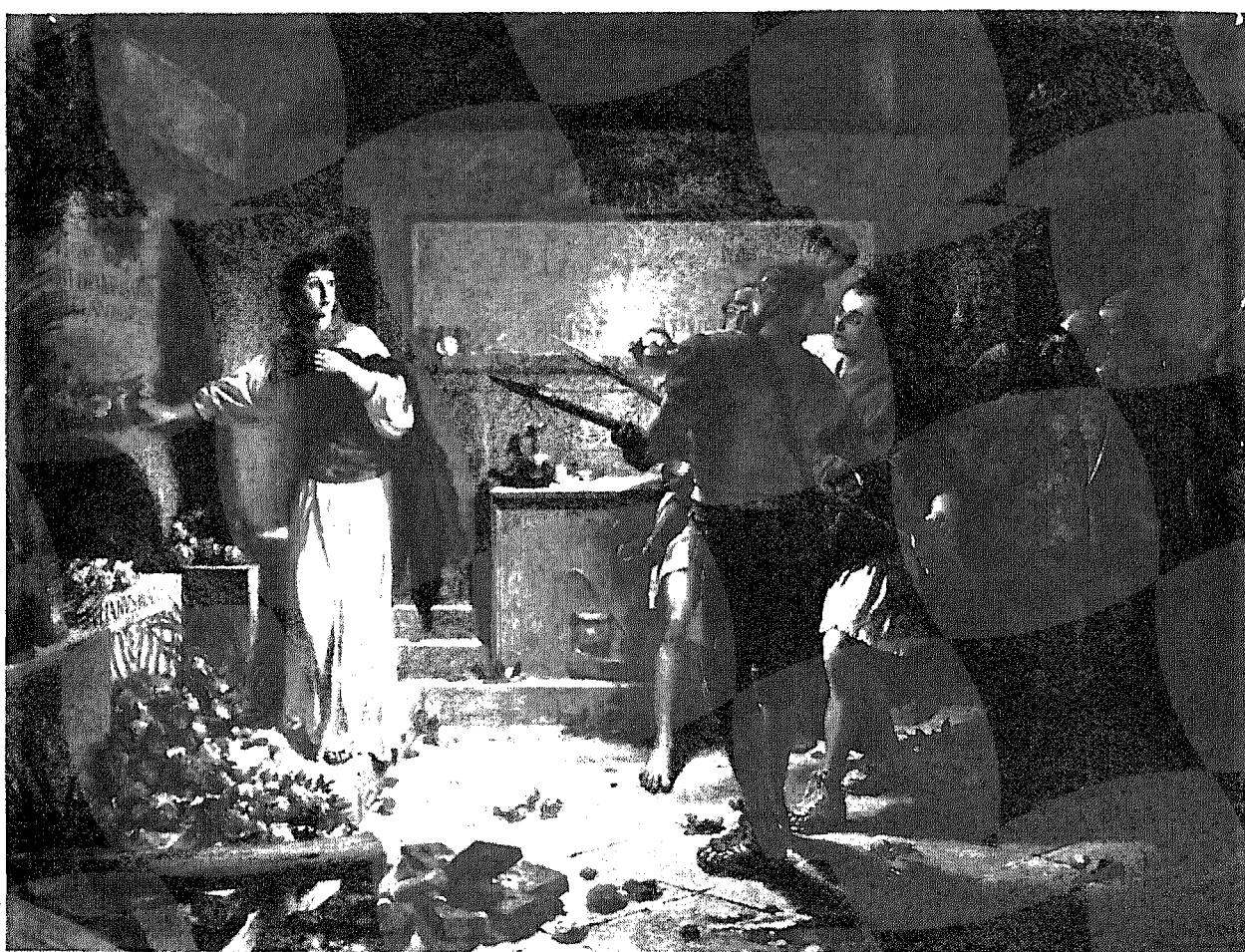
'Twas intimate, as though consummate  
    need has sought the gates of home,  
'Twas confident, as though He knew that  
    somehow surcease from pain would  
    come;

'Twas victory—such triumph as Rome's  
    fields had never given;  
And I — a Roman soldier — caught my  
    first sweet glimpse of heaven.

I saw, I wondered and in truth I could not  
    turn away,  
For through these rifted clouds my soul  
    stretched out to greet the day.  
"Forgive them"—thus He pleaded, "For  
    they know not what they do."  
'Tis true, I did not know. But as He prayed  
    I knew  
My hands had whipped God's darling,  
My lips had cursed God's Son,  
And my heart was rent with sorrow  
That it ne'er could be undone . . .  
Not then — or ever! But I knew  
His Father heard Him pray;  
And sweet as scarlet sunset o'er the placid  
    hills of home  
His grace came down to even me — a sin-  
    stained son of Rome.  
And I shall be through gain or loss  
A soldier of that crimson Cross  
Until HIS KINGDOM COME.

Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Pitcher is in charge  
of The Salvation Army's work  
in Newfoundland





"Behaviour beyond explanation"—A Christian girl faces death in the Catacombs of Rome

# The Central Fact of the Christian Creed

An Easter message  
from GENERAL  
FREDERICK  
COUTTS

THERE is a manufacturing town in north-west England with a church that is different.

Way back in medieval times there were set up what are now called stations of the Cross in an attempt to bring to life specific points of devotion known to pilgrims visiting the ancient city of Jerusalem. Over the years these stations have been reduced in size until sometimes they are now no more than a series of small pictures depicting the travail of our Lord from the judgment hall to the Cross.

Usually there are fourteen of them, but in this church with a difference there are fifteen. Said the sculptor: "I could have left them with Christ dead and buried. But I did a fifteenth to show Christ risen."

How right he was—for it is this additional station which has expressed the faith of Christian people from the beginning. And "from the beginning" means what

## *"divine power....stronger than sin and death has marked the life of the Christian community"*

it says. It was the truth of the Resurrection which caused the first believers to substitute Sunday (the Lord's Day) for Saturday (or the Sabbath) as their regular day of worship. On the first day of the week they "came together to break bread."

The first requirement of the leaders of the Early Church—the apostles—was for each to be "a witness . . . of the Resurrection." This they were. Said Peter to the company assembled in the house of Cornelius: "Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly . . . even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He rose from the dead."

The whole of the New Testament, from start to finish, was written by men who believed that the same Jesus who had been crucified was now alive. There is not a Gospel nor an Epistle which does not exult in this truth. To this faith each century has added its own witness.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit" said Stephen, the first Christian martyr, as the heavens opened to welcome him.

"Christ came into my cell last night" Samuel Rutherford testified "and every stone glowed like a ruby."

Wrote the Maréchale, a nineteenth-century prisoner for Christ's sake, from her cell in Neuchâtel:

*I am here alone with Thee,  
And my prison is a heaven  
Since Thou sharest it with me.*

But it is not only isolated and individual believers who have been aware of the reality of their living Lord. The Church as a whole was, and is, herself a witness to the presence of the risen Saviour. Because of this a divine power which is stronger than sin and death has marked the life of the Christian community. There has always been One standing among His people in His risen power, and in His strength they have been made strong.

For the resurrection of Jesus was no revival of a corpse to a continuance of an earthly life within the setting of time and space. This was not a kind of divine heart transplant by means of which someone who would

otherwise have remained dead and buried had his days prolonged. Sooner or later he would have died once again. But the life to which Jesus was raised, and which by faith we may share, is the eternal life of the Spirit which is not subject to the wear and tear of time and will not be concluded for a second time by death. "Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more."

It is true that there are those who regard the Resurrection not as an event which happened to Jesus but as an experience in the mind of His followers. Of course there have been in the long human story instances of mass delusion. The tale of the Russian troops who passed through England in the early days of the First World War is a case in point. There were those who claimed that they saw these men actually knocking the snow from off their boots! But stories of that kind lose their self-perpetuating power. In any case, no one would go to the stake in support of its accuracy. Men do not die for a second-hand story.

*"... it is not such unshakeable faith  
which explains the Resurrection. It is  
the fact of the Resurrection which  
produces such unshakeable faith"*

But that the same Jesus whose death the Gospels record is none other than He who ever lives to make intercession for us is a truth which men and women in every age have been ready to avow even if that avowal should cost them their life. If it be said that such behaviour is beyond explanation, the answer is that it is not such unshakeable faith which explains the Resurrection. It is the fact of the Resurrection which produces such unshakeable faith.

How shall men be convinced that Jesus is alive today?

Not always by preaching, for to that men can turn a deaf ear; still less by argument, which most often does little but to provoke counter argument. It is the outworking of the spirit of Christ in the lives of His followers which demonstrates that He is alive. It is as His people say: "Christ liveth in me"—and then follow up their words with Christlike deeds that men are most likely to be persuaded of this central fact in the Christian creed.

*The blessed gospel none can doubt  
Revealed in holy lives.*



General Coult signs the visitors' book at Vancouver City Hall during an Easter campaign.

# The Hope of Astronauts—

**W**HEN the three American astronauts broadcast their television spectacular from Apollo 8 on one of its Christmas Eve orbits, they chose to read some verses from the first chapter of Genesis in the Old Testament.

They were the first humans to loosen themselves from Mother Earth's gravitational apron strings; the first to see the world from a quarter-million miles away, spinning in space like a tilted top. Thus observing, they reached for the Bible, that ancient volume with the most modern and trustworthy message to be found anywhere, and read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth . . ." (Genesis 1: 1).

Having gone farther into mysterious space than any men before them, their minds seemed to turn instinctively to the Ultimate Mystery, to that One who is the Maker and Sustainer of all things. Though busy circumnavigating the moon they chose to take time to spell out for the world below them the cornerstone of Christian faith: "I believe in God, Creator . . ."

Surely, at that dramatic moment they sensed with awe the tremendous mystery that lies at the very heart of existence! "The highest knowledge" Albert Schweitzer once said "is to know that we are surrounded by mystery." The universe, life, and human experience are beyond our full understanding; but when we attempt to grapple with the truth, nature and meaning of God we stand dumb and uncomprehending before unfathomable mystery.

The Bible acknowledges this when it quotes God as saying, "There shall no man see me and live" (Exodus 33: 20), and when it raises the question, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" (Job 11: 7). Jesus Himself declared of His Father, "Ye have neither heard His voice at any time, nor seen His shape" (John 5: 37).

All this points up the futility of human attempts to find God. Man simply cannot get to know Him by

searching, speculating, accumulating knowledge, or doing penance. Some aspects of the Divinity might be dimly perceived, but no one has really found God as a consequence of his own attempts to do so. The truth is that it is not man who finds God, but God who finds man and the Bible is the record of divine action in behalf of man.

We learn a great deal about the nature of God from the revelation of His actions given us in Scripture. Here also we discover the true nature of man. Though we all come from God we have been unfaithful to our origin, and have miserably failed to fulfil the purpose for which we were brought into being. However you look at it, history and our own experience unite in testimony to the truth of the biblical teaching about the fall of man. Our sin has separated us from our Creator.

But the Bible's central theme is one of hope and love. God is revealed as a father who yearns for his erring children to return home and does something personally about it. Old and New Testament alike abound in His mighty acts in behalf of sinful man, culminating in the ultimate action when He took fleshly form and dwelt amongst us, full of grace and truth. So mighty was this miracle of grace that the trained mind of Paul had utmost difficulty putting its meaning into communicable language. Probably one of his statements with the most insight was his description of this divine invasion of the world when he said that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself" (II Corinthians 5: 19).

Reconciliation between man and God was effected on the cross, where Christ was crucified. Apostolic writers later explained that historical event of the first Good Friday by asserting that He took our sins with Him to the Cross, and bore their judgment; that He was actually "made sin" for us; that He tasted death for every man (1 Peter 2: 24; 2 Cor. 5: 21; Hebrews 2: 9). Here was sacrifice sufficient for all men, for all sin, for all time. Here was unfathomable love.

The crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ led to His resurrection. He who died for us and for our salvation was raised from the dead, thus making possible for all who believe a new and living relationship with God here and now



**By Commissioner  
CLARENCE D. WISEMAN,**

**Territorial Commander for Canada and Bermuda**



# and Earthbound

(Galatians 2: 20) and a living hope for the future (1 Peter 5: 7).

God in His grace has given us capacity to respond to His love. Just as the astronauts naturally longed to return home to earth from their journey into the "far country," so man, separated from his Father by his wilful pride and sin, is gripped by an inner restlessness that can be satisfied only when he returns to the One who made him. Examine your own heart and see if this is not so. This spiritual restlessness might be buried beneath layers of learning, or prejudice, or sophistication, or boredom, or sin; but if you probe deeply enough you'll find it, though you might not describe it as the theologians do. Actually if you stop fighting, if you lower your guards and let God come to you, His Spirit will do the probing and lead to the truth found in Christ.

All who, in faith, accept Jesus Christ as personal Lord and Saviour are made over anew. "As many as received Him," wrote John in his Gospel (1: 12), "to them gave He power to become the sons of God." In thus accepting Jesus Christ "who is the image of the invisible God" (Colossians 1: 15) we come to a knowledge of God. The quest for God through human knowledge ends in baffling mystery; but Christ shows us in Himself the other side of God, as it were, not mystery, but outreaching love. This we can understand.

Though Christ is no longer on earth as in the days



of His flesh, He is present in the person of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all who trust and obey Him. The Holy Spirit was given at Pentecost not to compensate for Christ's absence, but to ensure His presence.

So God, who is tremendous mystery and the "wholly other," becomes in Christ wholly for us. He is the certain hope of astronauts and earthbound alike. Surely this is the nub of the Easter story.

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## A Song of Easter

*(Continued from page 3)*

with her nothing but a penny with which to buy bread for that day. As she left the house she seemed to hear a voice which said, "Where is thy faith? In a penny?" She threw away the penny, begging pardon of God for her fault and saying, "No, Lord, my faith is not in a penny, but in Thee alone." Then she went from home, wholly satisfied, resting entirely upon God.

She fled to Germany, where she entered upon a life of devotion and service to her Lord. She travelled in France, Holland, England and

Scotland, wrote as many as nineteen books and raised a large number of followers. Antoinette may have been mistaken in some of her views, but she was deeply devoted to Jesus and to the end was faithful to her consecration.

It was used as the opening song at the wedding of General William Booth's eldest son, Bramwell. On that occasion the Founder said that they were not only being married but were rededicating themselves to God's service.

The hymn was translated into English by John Wesley in 1736.

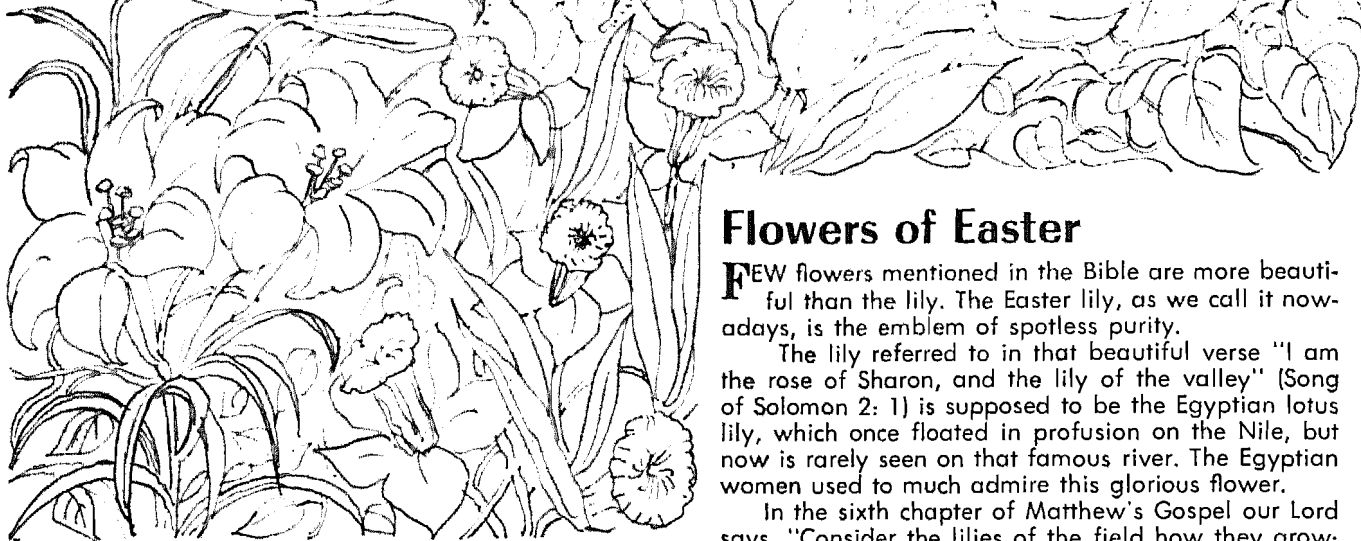
Come, Saviour Jesus, from above,  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare the place.

O let Thy sacred presence fill  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which wants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on Thee!

Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else  
This short-enduring world can give,  
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels;  
To Christ alone resolved to live.

Nothing on earth do I desire  
But Thy pure love within my breast;  
This, only this, do I require.  
And freely give up all the rest.



# Easter Etchings



## Unusual Name

**H**OW would you like to have the name of "Good Easter" on your birth certificate? Nevertheless there is such a place—in England.

It was the birthplace of Colonel Frederick Hawkes, known in The Salvation Army world as "the progressive architect" under whose direction music for bands was developed. He joined the Army at Mashbury, a neighbouring village. There has been a flourishing little corps there for a great many years.

## Flowers of Easter

**F**EW flowers mentioned in the Bible are more beautiful than the lily. The Easter lily, as we call it nowadays, is the emblem of spotless purity.

The lily referred to in that beautiful verse "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley" (Song of Solomon 2: 1) is supposed to be the Egyptian lotus lily, which once floated in profusion on the Nile, but now is rarely seen on that famous river. The Egyptian women used to much admire this glorious flower.

In the sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel our Lord says, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The lily our Lord speaks of in these two verses has been thought to be the tulip, which grows plentifully in Palestine, as its brilliant colours would surpass even the tints of the robes of Eastern kings.

When Canadians think of Easter flowers, they naturally bring to mind the Easter lilies. But other countries have different flowers for the Easter-time, and to each of them the blooms have the same meaning.

In England, the rare and lovely orchid is considered the Easter flower, while France honours the lilac, which is in its glory at this time of the year. Everywhere its fragrance greets one during the Easter season. Belgium has chosen the beautiful azaleas to symbolize everlasting life. They may be seen everywhere, and the country is literally a-flower with them. In Italy it is violets. Great bunches of them are seen on the streets and in the homes.

So to all people, lilies, orchids, azaleas, lilacs and violets speak the same message, "He is risen!"

## Grenfell's Secret

**W**HEN they first took the gospel message to Greenland (said Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador), the missionaries thought it better not to tell the story of the Cross, thinking it might be misunderstood. They spoke of Christ's life, example and teaching, but not His death. But they made no converts, until one day the missionaries were singing to themselves, "When I survey the wondrous Cross."

One of the natives, overhearing it, asked what it meant. When told of the Saviour's sacrifice on the Cross, he said: "You never told us that before." By preaching the Cross and the suffering of Jesus, the first converts were won.





## Beauty Misplaced

**A** SPANISH artist resolved to paint "The Last Supper" as the supreme work of his life. It was his wish to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Master. But he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful, and when his friends came to see the picture on the easel everyone said, "What beautiful cups!"

"Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake. These cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Master, to whom I wish to direct the attention of the observer." So saying he took the brush and rubbed them from the canvas, that the strength and vigour of the chief object might be seen as it should.

## When Empires Fall

*BUT His lone Cross and crown of thorns  
Endure when crowns and empires fall;  
The might of His undying love,  
In dying conquered all.*

John Oxenham.

## Remarkable Crosses

**T**HE mother of Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, is credited with being the one who found the true Cross of Jesus. There are two valuable crosses in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem in which there is said to be some of the actual wood from the cross found by Queen Helena.

One of these crosses is known as the Chozroes Cross from the fact that it was carried away by the Persian monarch when he destroyed the Holy Sepulchre in A.D. 614. This cross was recovered fourteen years later and brought back to Jerusalem. It is only about sixteen inches in height and nine inches in width, while the bit of old wood from the "true cross" is only a few inches long and an inch wide.

The other cross is called the Byzantine Cross because at one time it was kept in Constantinople, the centre of the Byzantine Empire. This also contains a tiny piece of the wood of the "true cross", not even as large as the other. The cross formed by the old wood rests on a larger one studded with diamonds and rubies, rising from a base adorned with valuable gems. The worth of these rare and precious stones alone is estimated to be more than \$500,000.

## An Ancient Legend

**I**T is only an ancient legend, but it carries a deep significance. A monk in days long ago gone, so the quaint story goes, found the crown of thorns which had encircled the Saviour's brow. He laid it on the altar in the chapel on Good Friday, and he and his flock looked with reverent awe on the dreadful relic, so rugged, so cruel, with its awful stains of blood.

Very early on Easter morning, the monk came to the church to remove the thorn-crown, which would be so strangely out of harmony with the bright thoughts of Easter Day. When he opened the door he found the chapel filled with a wondrous perfume. The early sunlight, shining through the eastern window fell upon the altar. There the monk saw the crown of thorns still lying, but it had burst into roses of rarest loveliness.

## Origin of "Good Friday"

**"GOOD FRIDAY,"** the English name for the Friday before Easter and observed as the anniversary of the Crucifixion, is probably a corruption of "God's Friday." The day was called "Long Friday" by the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, probably in allusion to the length of the services which marked the day.

## Quaint Custom

**A**MONG the quaintest of old-time Lenten customs at the English court was the employment of an official known as the "King's Cock Crower," whose duty it was on Ash Wednesday and other stated occasions during the next forty days to "crow" the hours.

Early in the eighteenth century, however, this unique practice came to an abrupt end. When George II, as Prince of Wales, spent his first Lent in England, he was astonished, just as he was sitting down to supper on Ash Wednesday, by the entry of a man who crowed like a cock ten times. Taking this as a personal insult, the prince sprang up and rushed at the crower, who fled for his life. Explanations followed, of course, but the custom was discontinued.

## No Nighties Either

**A** NEW Brunswick mother, tells this story of her son, when he was three years of age.

He was playing with his toys when suddenly his mental motor must have begun to race, for he asked, "Mummy, when we go to heaven, do we have to take our pyjamas with us?" Then, while the mother pondered what to say, the child gave his own answer (a biblical one): "No, we don't have to. There's no night there!"



# Easter Lilies

By Hazel Carlyle

THERE were thirty-four chimneys belching smoke into the grey sky south of the city, and Mary Palmer's window had a full view of every one of them.

The sight was not calculated to cheer one's heart. It is true that from this height (since you had climbed sixty-nine stairs to reach the rooin) on rare, clearer days you might catch a glimpse of the distant Charlie Hills, but those days were rare indeed; the smoke was at war with sunshine and light and usually won the battle.

Sometimes, before she wakened little Elizabeth, Mary would stand for a moment as the day struggled to assert itself over the darkness and try to translate herself from this room to the bay-windowed little house where the three of them had lived together before Don died. She knew it was a foolish thing to do; the sick lurch of her heart which always followed hard on the heels of memory outweighed the momentary thrill of remembrance and made the day seem to stretch out in endless agony before her. Sometimes at night, when friendly darkness made the chimneys almost indis-

cernible against the sky, while Elizabeth slept, Mary would walk again in a little garden under the stars and almost—almost!—smell the violets.

These were memories even Elizabeth could not share. She had been too young when Don went away for the thought of him to bring deep emotion, and Mary was glad. What a good thing it was that children soon forgot! Only as she turned once more from the window one early March morning toward the corner where the child still slept, Mary could not help wishing that it were possible for Elizabeth to enjoy the things that should have been hers in springtime—clean air, a garden to romp in and (how lovely this would be!) a Mummy at home to welcome her when she came in from school.

Then, because God had given her a courageous heart, Mary squared her shoulders to face the day. After all, there were many people who would be grateful to have this large room in these days of housing shortage; maybe the sun would break through later in the day, and flowers were getting cheaper as the days grew longer—she would bring in some daffodils on her way from work.

She pressed a light kiss on the forehead of the sleeping child. "Wake up, sweetheart," she said cheerily.

Elizabeth opened her eyes and stared wonderingly at her mother. Mary smiled. "I believe you were dreaming," she said; "now tell me, where were you?"

Elizabeth sat up suddenly, eyes wide. "It was a lovely dream," she said; "we were in the woods . . ."

THE Captain closed her visitation book and tucked it into her wallet. Yes, there would be time to call and see the Mr. and Mrs. Martin on the way back; they lived a little way out of the town, and a bus almost passed the door. The Captain was never quite sure who did the ministering when she called on the Martins. Certainly she always came away uplifted and strengthened and she could only pray that they felt the same. Soon she was listening to the Martins' great idea.

"You see, Alec and I have been wondering what to do for Easter. Last year we were billeting bandsmen—you remember, we had a visiting band—but this year. . . . Somehow, we couldn't make up our minds to go away anywhere, and yet we felt the Lord had something special for us. And suddenly this morning I had a wonderful idea, something you can help us with, Captain.

"It is so lovely here in the spring, it seems a pity not to share it with some one. Now look at those crocuses"—she pointed through the window to where a crowd of them made a splash of vivid colour each side of the garden path. "Just a picture, aren't they? And soon there'll be a host of wild daffodils in the woods there at the bottom of the garden—Easter lilies we call them. People in the towns are paying quite a bit of money for these lovely things, when here we can fill our rooms with just the effort of gathering them." Her voice took on a note of urgency. "Captain, could you write to some officer in a crowded city and ask him to find someone to stay with us for this Easter?"

The Captain's eyes were suspi-







Down, the garden, in the little wood,  
gathering lilies.



ciously bright. "You are dears," she said. "I know someone who is stationed in just the very district; I'll write to him tonight."

"**A**LL those who have to cross the road, wait for me" said the Lieutenant, as the children put on their coats after the Joy Hour. "Now then, Janet, and you, John"—as the twins made a wild dash for the door—"I said you were to wait for me . . ."

A slim figure stood on the porch as he opened the door. "Good evening, Mrs. Palmer," said the Lieutenant, "waiting for Elizabeth? Here she is." A discerning young man, he noticed the dark shadows under her eyes and the rather weary droop of her shoulders—and suddenly there came to his mind the letter received from Captain Joyce that morning.

"Mrs. Palmer, could you come into the hall and wait a moment?" he asked. "I'd like to see you when I've taken this little group across the main road" he said.

"Have you any special plans for Easter?" he asked later. Mary Palmer looked surprised and shook her head. No, she had nowhere special to go. Through her mind flashed the lightning thought—Easter! Once upon a time we three would have gone to mother's—now she has gone, too. She shook her head again. "No; I . . . I haven't thought much about it . . ."

"**I**S that you, Captain?" said Mrs. Martin into the telephone receiver. "I just wanted to tell you, dear, that Mrs. Palmer and her little

girl are just the loveliest people . . . Yes, they arrived yesterday and we already feel as if we 'belong'—you know what I mean. Alec took Elizabeth for a walk this morning and Mary and I had a long chat while we got the dinner ready. Bless her! I shouldn't be surprised if we see quite a lot of them both in the fu-

ture. Thank you, and your friend, for finding them . . .

"What did you say? . . . Well, if you knew the joy in my heart at this moment, Captain—Easter joy! I can see down my garden to the little wood at the end and Mary and Elizabeth are there — gathering Easter lilies."

## OLD EASTER OBSERVANCES

**E**ASTER is the greatest festival of the Christian Church, because the resurrection of Christ therein commemorated implies the restoration of life to the world which sin has ruined; whilst it is faith in the Resurrection which has converted so much of the world to Christ.

The date of Easter Day is fixed by what is called the "calendar moon," and it cannot fall earlier than March 22nd, or later than April 25th.

The name Easter — according to the Venerable Bede, whose historical works cover a wide range and are invaluable in the outline they give of the early records of Britain — is derived from Eostre, a Saxon goddess, whose festival was observed in the spring; but it is quite possible that it originates from the Saxon verb "oster" which signifies "to rise." Of course, it was comparatively easy for our Christian forefathers to imbue the Festival of Eostre with a sacred significance — joy at the awakening of nature from the dead of winter readily

lending itself to translation into joy at the Resurrection of our Lord from the tomb.

One of the most popular observances associated with the festival is the honour paid to the humble egg at Eastertide, as an emblem of the Resurrection — "that which is seemingly dead being yet alive."

In olden times eggs were strictly forbidden as food during Lent, but they were invariably brought to the breakfast table on Easter morning, coloured red to symbolize joy at the Resurrection.

In the days before the Reformation they were solemnly blessed in the churches with the following prayer: "Bless, O God, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

It is interesting to note in this prayer the use of the word "creature" in its original and literal sense.



Mrs. Captain  
David Hammond  
introduces

# The Founder's Photographer

An episode of Easter, 1905

*The King of kings was in a  
manger born;  
He left His throne to face a  
world of scorn;  
'Twas all for me.  
He had no place to lay His  
infant head;  
A manger bare was Jesus'  
cradle bed.*

*The road was rough that led  
to Calvary's tree;  
'Twas all for me.  
'Twas blood He sweat in dark  
Gethsemane;  
'Twas all for me.  
'Away with Him,' the mad-  
dened people cried,  
And there He hung, with  
thieves on either side.*

THE poet hastily scribbled the words and thrust them into the hands of the young man by his side. The time was March, 1905. The place was Calvary. The poet was John Lawley. The young man was Adjutant Henry Howse, my maternal grandfather.

It was the occasion of the Founder's visit to the Holy Land. Adjutant Howse was the official photographer to General William Booth. He had preceded the party up the hill of Calvary in order to make a photographic record of the arrival of the General at the place of Christ's crucifixion.

The Founder's party had not been graciously received by the Moslem authorities. Some time previously D. L. Moody had conducted a service on the mount, which was then being used as a Moslem burial ground, and some of the assembly had trodden on the graves. Because of this no singing was now permitted in the area, so Booth and his pilgrims repeated the words, "When I survey the Wondrous Cross." In the quietness of the few moments they spent at this sacred spot, John Lawley wrote "Twas All for Me." In later days he delighted in singing it to the tune Sandon.

Among the General's party that day there was some fear that on their descent from the mount their cameras might be seized and the film of the historic occasion destroyed. Fortunately no untoward incidents occurred and Adjutant Howse's pictures are yet preserved for our interest and enjoyment.

Henry Howse had become something of a twentieth century Luke as he followed in the train of William Booth, recording for unborn generations a photographic account of the acts of this apostle.

He had been born into the home of a Methodist lay preacher whose weekdays were spent as a wood and coal merchant. If the elder Howse had any claim to fame, it was that he served as supplier of fuel to Windsor Castle during the reign of Queen Victoria.

Young Henry was converted in the Methodist chapel, but nothing is known of his first contacts with Booth's Army. We do know that he served awhile as a baker's apprentice, and that some time during the eighties or nineties, became employed at the Army's headquarters as a stationery clerk.

We gather that, like so many others, he became an officer "by de-

gree." He had an early fascination for photography and was responsible for the production of the first "magic lantern" demonstrations.

It was in 1903 that The Salvation Army decided to experiment with cinematography. Having delved into this new medium of communication extensively, Adjutant Howse was named as "technical expert and operator." Major Fred Cox, who subsequently was also to be a member of the Holy Land expedition, was the producer, director and frequently, leading man.

An old poster sheds some light on this new venture. It reads:

PALACE GARDEN HALL  
Nuneaton

Jan. 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th, 1904  
The Army's

own  
Cinematograph Exhibition  
The Treat of a Lifetime

Produced by The Salvation Army at enormous expense.

Features on this particular occasion included: Scenes at the Farm Colony, Hadleigh; A Trip around the London Zoological Gardens; Our Slummers at Work and Play; London Street Scenes; Animals at Home.

The "home" mentioned in that last feature was undoubtedly that of Henry Howse himself, on Kingswood Road, Penge. My mother remembers their backyard being used frequently as the location for these early motion pictures. On one occasion, a "commercial" was being produced for *The War Cry*, and the camera showed Major Cox reading this publication with such consummate enthusiasm that finally his laughing face burst right through the paper for a concluding, climactic, close-up shot.

Even "heavy drama" was attempted. One such, called "The Drunkard's Child" had my mother in the title roll. She vividly remembers "dying" at the appropriate moment!

All of Henry Howse's service was not performed from behind an old-fashioned camera. He served as a member of the International Staff Band, and also as Young People's Sergeant-Major of the Penge Corps. It was at this corps that he formed one of the first young people's singing companies, known then as a junior songster brigade. One of the members of this brigade was a little girl, new to the Army, named Kathleen Bristow. She was destined to become Mrs. General Wilfred Kitching.

Adjutant Howse travelled many



thousands of miles photographing scenes of Army warfare. One of his last assignments was a documentary on the missionary challenge in India, immediately following World War I. By virtue of his extensive travels and the photographs taken he was eventually made a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society.

Henry Howse was only one of many who became absorbed in the excitement of the Army's boisterous infancy. What a pity that more is not known of him, and of the others who played supporting rolls and "bit parts" in the drama! We suppose they considered themselves too busy making history to write about it or, more probably, they had no conception of the interest future generations would take in them.

We owe a debt to these unsung heroes. Let us, like them, dedicate to Him all our talents—intellectual, cultural and technical; and let us do so without any thought of tangible reward or recompense, remembering the One who "though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor," of whom Lawley wrote:

*The Son of God was left alone  
to die;*

*'Twas all for me.*

*The thunders rolled and dark-  
ened was the sky;*

*'Twas all for me.*

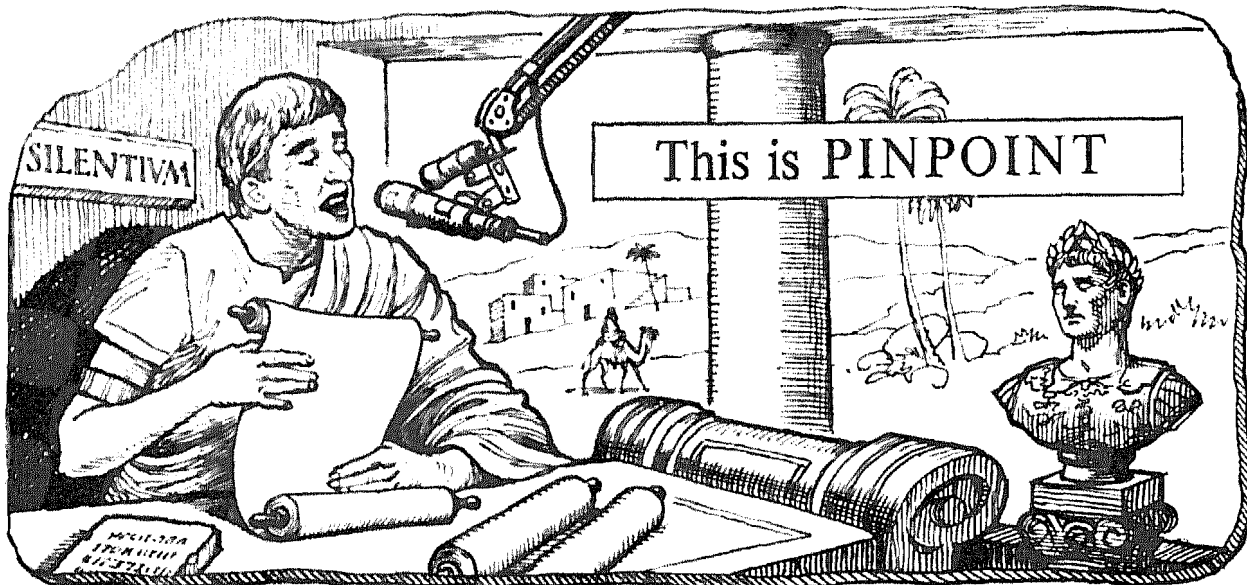
*The veil was rent, the rocks  
asunder riv'n*

*When Jesus died. He op'ed the  
gate of heaven.*

Two of the pictures of General William Booth taken by Henry Howse during the Founder's visit to the Holy Land show him (left) on Mount Calvary and (above) at the tomb of Lazarus in Bethany. John Lawley (dark beard) is on the left.



In 1965, sixty years after the Founder's visit, a group of the Salvationists representing many countries, who were participating in the Army's Centenary Celebrations in London, England, also visited the Holy Land and once again the Army flag flew on Mount Calvary.



This is **Pinpoint**, a programme of world news from the broadcasting studios of Pigsaw International Network. Your announcer is **Nelson Dunster**.

**JERUSALEM** — A wall of silence is frustrating an official investigation into the disappearance of the body of a Jew who was crucified on the eve of Passover. The body was that of Jesus bar Joseph, a holy man and miracle worker who was held in great esteem by the common people. The soldiers who had guarded the sepulchre, in the private grounds of Joseph of Arimathaea, stick to their dangerous story that they were asleep when the body was stolen. The mystery deepens by their not having been disciplined. It is reported that disciples of Jesus are claiming that He arose from the dead and that they have seen Him. Jewish religious leaders comment that this is a malicious rumour.

**SIANG-YANG** — The police at Siang-yang in central China are meeting passive opposition in their investigations of a number of gruesome religious murders. So far they have recovered less than half of three dismembered bodies. In earlier times it was the custom in the spring to offer human sacrifices to the earth god in fertility rites, the victims usually being prisoners of war or people from other villages taken in ambush. Despite a prohibition on this practice it is still clandestinely carried on in some areas. The police expect to find parts of the victims' bodies buried according to ancient custom on most if not all of the farms of the area.

**PARIS** — Meanwhile, in France, the third god in the Gallic trinity, Tarua, has received his annual propitiation sacrifices. The Druid priests in the presence of the regaled civic authorities and the concourse of people in a mood of mingled fear and carnival, imprisoned five men (who had previously been condemned to death) and five animals in opposite pairs in baskets of wicker and osiers, which were then stuffed with straw and cast into the sacrificial flames. A Roman observer said that the stench from the burning was enough to rejoice the hearts of all the gods in the world. The other gods in the trinity have different tastes — Teutates prefers his sacrifices hung in the

forest and Esus likes his drowned in a tub of water.

A message has just been handed to me. It comes from a source close to the Governor in **Jerusalem**. The report says that since the crucifixion of Jesus, Pilate's wife, Procula, has been in a constant state of agitation and that she bought the seamless robe of the victim at an extortionate price from the soldier who won it at dice. Procula, too, has been urging her husband to apply to Rome for a transfer. What Pilate will decide is open to conjecture, but our reporter says that he is so worried by the effect on his wife's health and so harassed by the Jews to officially explain away the alleged resurrection that if there is any further provocation his reaction is likely to be violent. If that happened Pilate might well be recalled to Rome where he has already been losing favour.

Meanwhile, religion in a more gentle mood is holding festival on all the islands of **Japan**, where the bi-annual Great Purification is being held. In one of the most important ritual acts of Shinto, which is the bathing, the Japanese, with no sense of sin or fear of death such as characterizes western religions, are enjoyably laying away their accumulation of unwitting mistakes. These, they believe, are washed away by two female deities and are completely disposed of by Ibukido-nushi, Master of the Squirting-out Place, who flushes them out to sea.

**I**N this occasional series significant events are placed in the context of their contemporary world affairs, being presented — the writer hopes — in an entertaining as well as an informative way.

Where fiction is introduced to enliven the narrative it will be obvious; and it should be no surprise to the reader to find him/herself disagreeing with the historical timing of some of the "news spots" — the authorities also disagree, and the timings are those which the writer has accepted as most convincing to him.

With complete "irresponsibility", ancient or modern names of places have been used out of "time" so that a name **MAY** mean no more than, "This is the spot."



**FREIBURG** — A trial shipment of Italian wines with which a Roman merchant sought to test the potential of the market in Germany was refused entry into the provinces of the Suebi who occupy more than half of the German territory. The merchant said that the reason given by the Suebi for the refusal of an import license was that wine made men too soft for enduring hardship. Despite the ban, he said that he had still been able to sell the whole consignment at border towns.

\* \* \*

**ALEXANDRIA** — The Roman government in Egypt is endeavouring to bring an end to brother/sister marriages. The centuries-old custom became prevalent because of the matrilineal laws of inheritance, which meant that if a son was to share in a family estate he had to make his sister his wife. But the Chief Justice says that passing laws, and enforcing them within the labyrinth of the three complex national customs — Roman, Greek and Egyptian — are entirely different matters.

\* \* \*

**ROME** — Following the death of his dominant mother, Livia Augusta, last year at the age of eighty-four

years, Emperor Tiberius has lost no time in turning the mild imperial regime of his stepfather, Augustus, into a dictatorship. Tiberius, who is seventy-two, has abolished the powers of the Senate, and the people can no longer elect their own officials. Already, not a day passes without its executions following charges of treason. Victims are dragged screaming on the end of a hook from the Eventine Hill down to the Tiber and drowned.

\* \* \*

The Book of the Year award made by Roma Literary Society, has been presented to a former Thracian slave. He is Phaedrus, and the award is made for his excellent translation into Latin of the fables of Aesop the Greek, who wrote six centuries ago.

A late message from **Jerusalem** says that the disciples of Jesus have gone into hiding, the situation in the city is tense and all leave has been stopped for the Roman garrison.

\* \* \*

This is the news of the week from the Pisgah International Network.



**LIEUT.-COLONEL ARTHUR PITCHER**, a fourth-generation Salvationist and one of five officer-children, presently serving in Canada was born in Newfoundland where he is now the Provincial Commander. He was a school teacher for a number of years in Newfoundland both before and after his commissioning as an officer. He also served there as a corps officer and divisional youth secretary. Mainland commands have included Edmonton Temple and Vancouver Temple and the Quebec and Eastern Ontario Division. He is a gifted poet as may be seen by his contribution on pages 4 and 5.



While still in training for officership, **CAPTAIN BILL DAVIDSON** was plummated into world-wide publicity as a member of The Joystings. Of the many songs he composed and sang for that famous group, "Have faith in God" will probably live the longest. His verses on page 3 typify the same compassion and a lively contemporaneity that marks so many of his lyrics.

The Captain belongs to a well-known family of Salvationists who originated in Scotland. Since the disbanding of The Joystings, he and his wife have commanded the corps at Streatham Vale, London, Eng.

## Some of our contributors

**MRS. CAPTAIN DAVID HAMMOND** is a third-generation Salvationist through both her parents, who migrated to Canada from London, England, forty-five years ago. She grew up in the corps at Earls Court (Toronto) and Hamilton Temple, but became an officer from North Toronto in 1951.

Possessing a rich contralto voice, she has been in great demand as a soloist. Much of her writing has been in the realm of vocal instruction. Up to last year, when Captain Hammond was appointed to Territorial Headquarters, they were corps officers in Alberta, Ontario and Newfoundland.



**BRIGADIER NELSON DUNSTER**, who since the beginning of this year has been contributing an occasional series of articles as presented on these two pages, has been based at Sydney, Australia, for the past twelve years, being the editorial representative for the Australian-Eastern Territory. His versatile pen, however, reaches all round the Army world and he is a frequent contributor to our periodicals. He is also engaged in public relations, including publicity, radio and television work. The first thirteen years of his career, following commissioning in 1937, were spent in corps work.





"The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci

## The Sad Story of Pietro Bandinelli

ONE of the most famous pictures in the world is *The Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci. Jesus sits at the table with His twelve apostles. It is said that the artist sought long for a model for the Saviour. He wanted a young man of pure, holy look. At length his attention was

fixed on a chorister in the cathedral, named Pietro Bandinelli. This young man had a very noble face and a devout demeanour. Leonardo used him as a model in painting the face of the Master.

Soon after this Pietro went to Rome to study music. There he fell

among evil companions and was led into all manner of debasing sins.

Year after year the painter went on with his great picture. All the apostles were now painted save one — Judas, the traitor. Da Vinci went from place to place, looking for some debased man who would be suitable as a model. He was walking one day on the streets of Milan, watching the faces of the evil men he chanced to meet, when his eye fell on one who seemed to have in his features the character he sought. He was a miserable, unclean beggar, wearing rags, with a villainous look. This man sat as the artist's model for Judas.

After the face was painted, da Vinci learned that the man who had sat for him was his old friend, Pietro Bandinelli, the same who had posed a few years before as the model for the Master. Wickedness had debased the beautiful life into hideous deformity.

Sin distorts, deforms, and destroys the human soul. It drags it down from its erectness until it grovels in the dust.

## Eastertide Crossword Puzzle

Where a dash is printed, the missing word is the required solution. Biblical references are given to be used if needed.

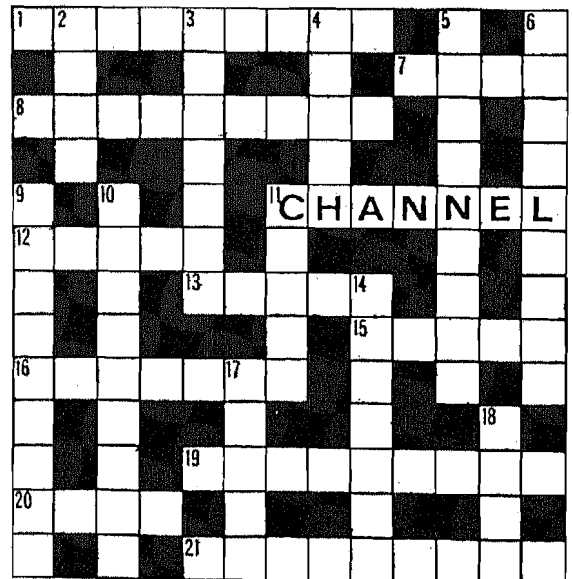
**REFERENCES ACROSS:** 1. and 7. Matt. 28. 8. Matt. 27. 13. Ps. 67. 15. Acts 16. 16. Gen. 37. 19. Matt. 27. 21. Luke 2. **DOWN:** 2. Matt. 27. 3. Pro. 18. 4. Gen. 5. 5. Matt. 24. 6. Matt. 27. 9. John 19. 10. John 20. 11. Rev. 21. 14. Matt. 26. 18. John 20.

### ACROSS

1. The triumphant message of the angel to the women at No. 6 down [2, 2, 5] ...
7. ... he also said Jesus was not thus [4]
8. This man, and others, who were at the Cross said: "Truly this was the Son of God" [9]
11. Stretch of water joining two others [7]
12. Perfect type [5]
13. "Then shall the earth — her increase" [5]
15. Paul and Silas were thrust into this prison [5]
16. Joseph was a well-known one [7]
19. When Judas saw that he was this, he repented himself [9]
20. Vases [4]
21. These men returned glorifying and praising God after seeing the infant Christ [9]

### DOWN

2. When this was come Joseph of Arimathaea begged the body of Christ [4]
3. The poor use intreaties and the rich answer thus [7]
4. Father of Methuselah who walked with God [5]
5. "All these are the — of sorrows" [9]
6. Jesus's body was laid in this [9] ...
9. ... after this man had brought spices for the body [9]
10. The Risen Christ told Thomas to be this and not faithless [9]
11. The light of the holy city was this as crystal [5]
14. "He that — his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me" [7]
17. Beginning of era [5]
18. Jesus rose again from this [4]



### SOLUTION TO THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE

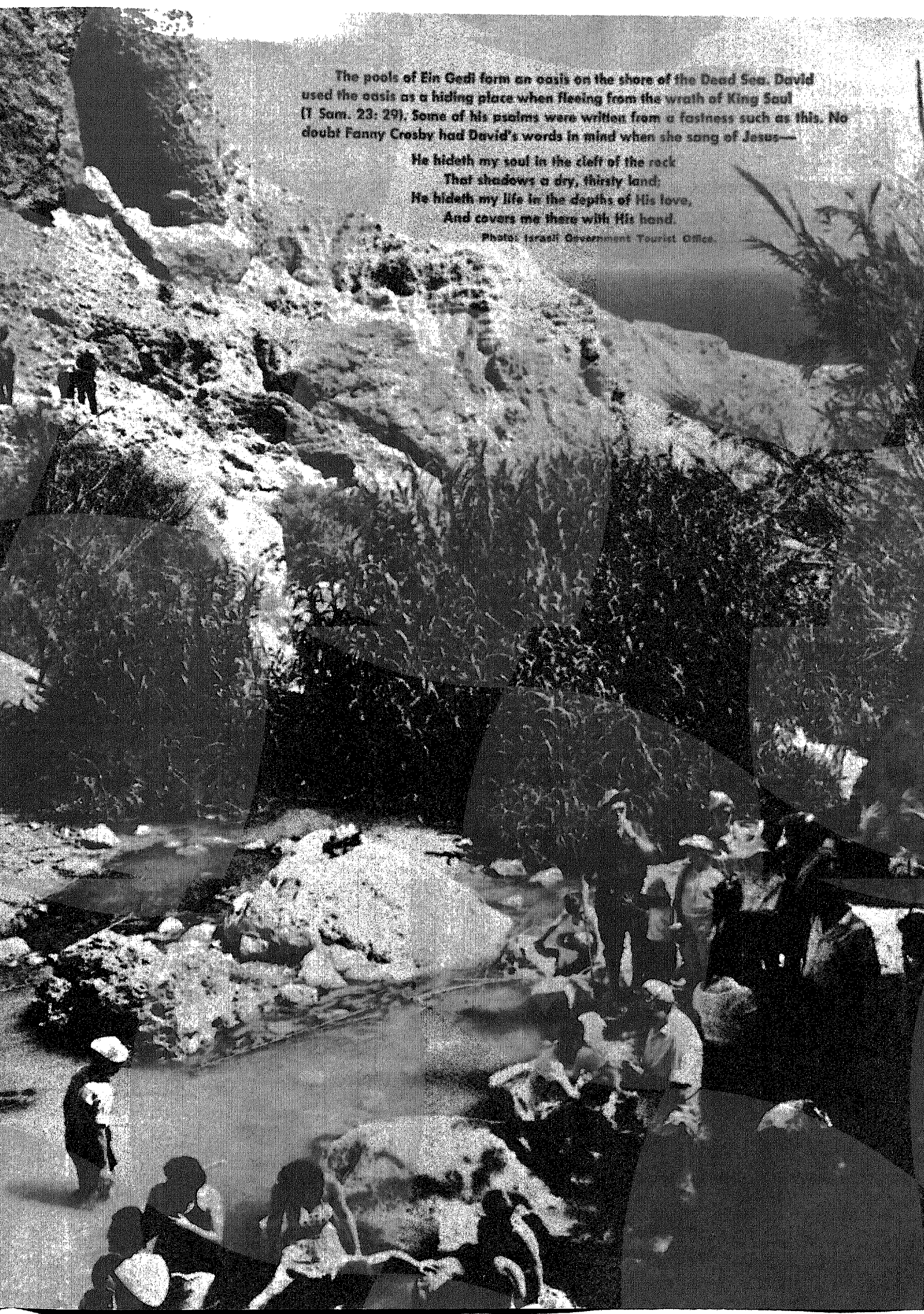
**ACROSS:** 1. HE IS RISEN. 7. HERE. 8. CENTURION. 11. CHANNEL. 12. IDEAL. 13. YIELD. 15. INNER. 16. DREAMER. 19. CONDEMNED. 20. URNS. 21. SHEPHERDS. **DOWN:** 2. EVEN. 3. ROUGHLY. 4. ENOCH. 5. BEGINNING. 6. SEPULCHRE. 9. NICODEMUS. 10. BELIEVING. 11. CLEAR. 14. DIPPETH. 17. EPOCH. 18. DEAD.



The pools of Ein Gedi form an oasis on the shore of the Dead Sea. David used the oasis as a hiding place when fleeing from the wrath of King Saul (1 Sam. 23: 29). Some of his psalms were written from a fastness such as this. No doubt Fanny Crosby had David's words in mind when she sang of Jesus—

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock  
That shadows a dry, thirsty land;  
He hideth my life in the depths of His love,  
And covers me there with His hand.

Photo: Israeli Government Tourist Office.







When Jesus looked o'er Galilee,  
So blue and calm and fair,  
Upon her bosom, could He see  
A Cross reflected there?

CATHERINE BARD